Sac À Dos

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Sac À Dos

by celestialcello

Summary

He rarely made train journey these days, not with its comparatively unpractical speed, cramped carriage, and just in general, an embodiment of dread. But after all he would not let on any of these emotions, lest his restlessness caught some unwanted attention - small talk about weather, enquiries on his origin (does he himself even know?), ask him what the advent of autumn meant for him, or even-

Prompt list from @tarmasz (https://www.instagram.com/tarmasz/?hl=en) on instagram!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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Someone might ask him about the bag, a sturdy black duffle made from Italian leather. Nondescript yet enigmatic, its zip barely holding back the secrets hidden within. After all, don't we all have an acquired taste for truth, a poor excuse for curiosity akin to voyeuristic passion.

Not that he's concerned, no. To him it was easy to only represent certain facets of reality, alluring crystal shards peeled from the totalities, radiating glamours; opaque and transparent at the same time. Words were like feathers on his tongue, evaporating the second they escaped the confinement of his mind, their true meaning forever languishing in a world only accessible to himself until it was too late for his listeners.

He casted another look at the bag - docile and lifeless beside his seat, perching underneath the window like solidified shadow, like a soft embrace wrapping around a shadowed mind that now slept, perchance forever. It was an easy weight to carry down the spiralling flights of stairs in Florence, a casual accoutrement to his attire when he asked for a ticket to Palermo at the window, an identity mark (a travelling artist - hence the need for all the precious apparatuses. The world always seem to be willing to make certain exceptions of suspicion when it comes to artists. They are, after all, half-mad already. Decent ones, that is: ones with feverish eyes, trembling fingers, screams perching just beneath their chins.)

Yet it was an unbearable weight as it was an unbearable lightness. His spines condensed into lead as the sceneries of idyllic hills and fields flitted pass; his blood mercury. His heart, lungs, livers, stomachs fossilised into marbles, basalts, granites. The very instruments that were meant to sustain his breath were crushing his skull and thrusting through his skin. They lived another reality, one which he denied himself, existing only in the small hours of early morning when bleached sunlight wrenched its way through the heavy, embroidered curtains and with piercing alacrity tore down the boundary of time.

The light too was heavy - like waves of crimson water flagellating him from behind. Each time he flinched when looking back at it, he fed that weight until it outgrew himself (*o the beast!*). Yet this newly acquired fear, or *weakness*, never ignited the rage that should be burning, like it did when he hunted down three men across the vast of land and sea and time.

A paper heart lied in his palm -

crumple it, crush it, set it alight, drown it in water, free from the chain of gravity, free from -

A prison he carried on his back.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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